## **GARLANDS OF FLOWERS**

 Graves of the Nation's Honored Dead.

OBSERVANCE OF THE DAY

Appropriate Services in the Various Cemeteries.

In the Afternoon There Was a Parade and at Night Patriotic Entertainments Were Held Under the Auspices of Both Posts of the Grand Army of the Republic-Parades at Dunmore and Petersburg -- Memorial Day Sermon Delivered in Many of the Churches Last Night -- Lessons That Were Drawn by Some of the Speakers.

Memorial day was fittingly observed in the city Saturday, dispite the circus and other such events which it was expected would withdraw in a great measure the interest which attuches to the veteran and his departed comrade on this one day set aside for them capecially. There were large throngs at the cemeteries during the morning services, the parade was witnessed by the usual sized holiday crowd and the afternoon and even-

ing exercises were all well attended. Col. Ezra S. Griffin Post 139, G. A. R. combined in conducting the memorial services at the cemeteries, having previously decided by lot which ceme teries each should look after. In this work they were assisted by the Ladies Circle No. 19, G. A. R., Camp 8, Sons of Veterans, children from various public and parochial schools and A. M. and the Young Men's Institute.

At Forest Hill cemetery the services Griffin Post, composed of Past Commander A. B. Stevens, E. W. Pearce, George H. Geary, B. B. Atherton and Attorney Long. Rev. G. C. Lyman was to have delivered the address but in his absence Rev. J. B. Sweet, pastor of the Simpson M. E. church, spoke extemporaneously, chosing as his theme, "The Day and Its Deeds." He urged a more reverential observance of Memorial day.

The pupils of public schools Nos. 27 erans. and 28 sang "America," and then the orated with flowers and flags by fortysix little girls and a large floral emblem in honor of the urknown dead was presented by Woman's Relief Corps No. 50, Mrs. Fred J. Warner, making the resentation and Mrs. E. W. Pearce

the accentance. The firing squed was composed of First Lieutenant E. Frank Gardner, A. W. Clency, D. C. Fadden, W. J. Edwards, John Mover, Albert Erbach and W. E. Cahoon. The detail consisted of August Fadden, J. G. Cahoon, M. J. Graham, H. R. Long, F. R. Stark, John R. Farr, Fred Cole, C. A. Hartwick, William H. Horn, F. W. Martin, Charles Trego, William Pfeiff-N. Cole, S. A. Cahoon, S. J. Hardy, C. A. Ridgeway, C. C. Battenberg, Weynant Pfeiffer, Walter Smithing, H. J. Fraley.

## DUNMORE CEMETERY.

The services in Dunmore Protestant cemetery were in charge of Past Post Commander Smith B. Mott, the officer of the day being J. W. Marshall. The firing and detailed squads were composed of the following: C. A. Moyer, commander; William Widenor, J. W. Bullock, Peter B. Sawyer, G. A. Gardner, J. W. Cammer, Berton Huff, M. C. Bullock, Ed L. Anderson, Lewis Sawyer, M. G. Haupt, J. R. Hunter, George Monninger, W. J. Marlatt, V. P. Long, J. B. Doud, W. H. Doud, James Doud, H. Widenor, George H. Mammer, W.

Council 219, Y. M. I., Camp 226, P. O. of A., and Council, No. 1022 O. U. A. M., assisted in the exercises. The singing was by a choir of 250 school children. Rev. A. B. O'Neil delivered the address.

Colonel Monies post had charge of cemetery. Rev. P. J. McManus, of St. Paul's Catholic church, Green Ridge, delivered the address: Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, rector of the Cathedral, made the opening prayer and also pronounced The singing was by the choir of St. Peter's cathedral. Past Post Commander F. J. Amsden conducted the G. A. R. ritualistic services. The roll call of the dead was read by H. W. Loftus, officer of the

The salute was fired by the following squad from the Sons of Veterans: Fred Schmidt, commander; Frank Schmidt, E. Fuller, Thomas Davis, W. E. House, H. M. Hoffman, David John

The detail was as follows: C. W. Blume, William Brown, Dennis Blackledge, John Blackledge, William Collins, J. S. Burke, C. A. Bennett, Jacob Cammer, Jacob Pfeiffer, Harry Peters, J. E. Jewell, A. F. Allen, W. H. Crawford, A. L. Davis, G. A. Pick, J. H. Comrades Henry W. Loftus, P. I. McAndrew, N. M. Gardner and Moses

Morey were in charge of the exercises. In Dunmore Catholic demetery Past Post Commander Moses Morey was in charge of the services, J. W. Marshall, being the officer of the day. Rev. M. B. Donlan, of St. Mary's church, delivered the address and St. Mary's choir rendered the music. The committee in charge was J. W. Marshall, John B. Holiday, Michael Costello, C. Hag-gerty. The firing squad of the Ezra S. Griffin camp, No. 8, Sons of Veterans, was composed of William Wide-nor, J. W. Bullock, M. C. Bullock, Ed. L. Anderson, W. J. Marlatt, V. P. Long

and C. A. Moyer, WEST SIDE CEMETERY,

They Were Laid on the of the Sons of Veterans, delivered an eulogium. The addresses were by Rev. F. S. Matthews and Rev. Thomas De Gruchy, and the singing by the choirs Jackson Street and Scranton

Street Baptist churches, The detail consisted of W. L. Nash, Louis E. Reed, J. C. Allen, S. S. Polhamus, G. W. Hoffman, E. P. Whetstone, Howard Wolfe. The committee in charge of the decoration of the graves was Samuel Rogers, David Johnson, John Anneman, Morgan W. Phillips, D. W. Moser, George Kivett, J. H. Hoffman, T. H. Allen, Norman Wheeler, Louis Hancock, William Jones, Dr. E. Grewer, P. H. Fuller, John D. Jones, E. L. Haas, J. F. Randolph, J. C. Allen, John Steninger and Chester Cammer, jr., J. H. Fraley, John Sanford, John B. Blume and E. J. Colvin.

At Pittston avenue cemetery the services were in charge of a squad com-manded by Captain P. De Lacy. Rev. W. A. Nordt, of the Hickory Street Presbyterian church, delivered the address and the choir of the same church furnished the music. The Thirteenth regiment drum corps was also in attendance. The salute was fired by a equad from Camp No. 8, Sons of Vet-

The services at St. Mary's German Catholic cemetery were in charge of Patrick J. McAndrew, commander of Colonel Monles post. W. J. McDonald read the Grand Army of the Republic ritual and the children of St. Mary's Parochial school sang appropriate hymns. The address was by Rev. Peter Christ, of St. Mary's church. The ommittee in charge of the exercises at the Pittston avenue cemetery and St. Mary's cemetery were: Adam Muler, Dennis Madigan, John Westpfahl, R. C. Bryant and P. DeLacy. The firing squad were: M. L. Wage, commander; Charles Leber, George E. Schantz, William A. Schmidt, jr., Walter E. Quick, William Gable, S. C. Hutchinson; detail, William Leber, August J. Schmidt, Eben Brownell, G. W. Carlton, Walter Cooper, Ezra B. Davis, John Griffin, Charles Kimmick, F. B. Kirlin, August Millick, Henry Leber, C. J. Rozelle, Robert Van Duzer, Thomas Kearns, John W. Kerby, John McGraw, Thomas Parry.

AT PETERSBURG. Petersburg had quite an elaborate elebration of its own. It consisted of a parade and services at the cemetery. The parade was in charge of Past Post Commander A. W. Colony, George F. Millett acting as adjutant. Guth's band members of P. O. S. of A., Jr. O. U. led the procession and following it came the Relief Hose company, Ancient Order Knights of the Mystic Chain, Fairview lodge, Knights of Pythias, Grand Army of the Republic and were in charge of a squad from Col. the school children carrying baskets of flowers. The parade marched over the principal streets and then proceeded to the Petersburg cemetery, where the Grand Army of the Republic ritualistic ervices were observed and an address delivered by Rev. E. Weisskopf, Geo. W. Schultz, officer of the day, read the roll call of the dead, and S. H. Stevens recited Lincoln's Gettysburg address. The firing squad was composed of members of Camp No. 8, Sons of Vet-

Dunmore also had a parade which roll call and reading of Lincoln's ad- was participated in by the Grand Army, cress by Commander Stevens took Sons of Veterans, Loyal Legion, school place. The forty-six soldiers graves children, Junior Order United Ameriand Father Mathew societies. After marching through the principal streets the organizations divided and proceed-

ed to the various cemeteries. In the afternoon the veterans re-assembled and paraded through the principal streets. The parade was made up in three divisions and was in charge of Grand Marshal A. B. Stevens,

First came Chief of Police Robling and squad and Marshal Stevens and his staff composed of Chief Aid F. W. Martin, Captain W. H. Burke, Captain W. J. Moran, Dr. C. H. Fisher, George Ferher, Colonel N. G. Schoonmaker Hon, C. P. O'Malley, D. P. Battle, Colonel P. S. Syron, P. J. Honan, Dell Simrell, Moses Morey, Levi Getz, Major M. L. Blair, E. P. Hall, W. P. Albro and C. A. Ridgeway,

MAKE UP OF PARADE, The first division was composed of

the Sons of Veterans, the two G. A. R. posts, the American guards, composed of the boys of public school No. 27, and then followed earriages containing disabled veterans and invited guests, The second division consisted of the Lackawanna County Council of Irish-American societies, and the third division was made up of horsemen and citizens in carriages. The reviewing

stand was at city hall. After partaking of refreshments, served by the Women's Relief corps, the members of Griffin post and the Sons of Veterans united in a special memorial service for the comrades who had passed away during the last year The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. B. Sweet, of Simpson Methodist Epis

copal church, and the music was by the choir of the same church. In the evening musical and literary exercises were conducted by the two the services at Hyde Park Catholic grand army posts, Ezra Griffin, at the Academy, and Colonel Monies, Young Men's Christian association hall.

### Both were largely attended. MEMORIAL DAY SERMONS.

Delivered Last Night in a Number o

Churches. In a large number of the churches of the city special memorial sermons were delivered last night. Members of the Thirteenth regiment attended the services in the First Presbyterian church, where the pastor, Rev. James McLeod, D. D., delivered a special sermon to them. In the Providence Presbyterian church Company H. of the Thirteenth regiment, attended the services and listened to the eloquent discourse of the pastor, Rev. George E. Guild, which had special reference to the beautiful custom of decorating the grave of the nation's dead.

"Flowers Scattered and Flowers Gathered at the Soldiers' Graves" was the title of the sermon delivered by Rev. C. M. Giffin, D. D., in the Elm Park church. "Munitions of Christian Patriotism-the Country's Hope," was the topic of the evening discourse of Rev. Charles E. Robinson, D. D., in the Second Presbyterian church. Souls' Universalist church Pastor F. W. Whippen spoke about "The Battle of Gettysburg."

The evening services in the Washburn Street Presbyterian church were attended by Colonel Monies post, No 319, Union Veterans' Union, No. 25, and the Ladies' Aid circle, No. 19, Grand Army of the Republic, The pastor, Rev. John P. Moffatt, spoke on "Memories and Duty." Lieutenant Ezra S. Griffin post, Grand Army of the Commander John D. Jones was in Republic, and the Sons of Veterans charge of the services at Washburn listened to a special sermon in the Asstreet cemetery and E. L. Hass acted bury Methodist Episcopal church.

body to the First Presbyterian church in the evening and heard a Decoration Day sermon preached by the pastor, Rev. Dr. James McLeod. Rifles stacked in front of the pulpit and the presence of several flags fogether with the large number of blue uniformed listeners, gave a decidedly military air to the service. The music

LINE BURNET

was suitable to the occasion, Dr. McLeod's sermon topic was "The Holiest War." It was in matter and subject a discourse particularly calculated to interest and help the soldier audience. The text was: "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life," I Timothy, vi: 12: Dr. McLeod said:

St. Paul, in his Epistles, makes fro quent use of martial metaphors. This is not strange when we remember that he was a Roman citizen, and that both as a was a Roman citizen, and that both as citizen and as a prisoner of the Lord, h was brought into close contact with Roman soldiers. Moreover, a state of war is so suggestive of spiritural con-flicts that the keen mind of the Apostle selzed upon the striking analogy, and under the guidance of the Divine Spirit,

he used it for a holy purpose.

Although St. Paul was a man of peace, and although he was an ambassador of the Prince of Peace, he nevertheless believed in holy wars. He never belonged to the peace-at-any-price party. He was too stalwart a character for that. He knew his Bible, and, therefore, he knew that by Divine authority wars were carried and, that again and again, the hosts Israel were marshalled to fight the onttles of the Lord. He knew that God had raised up mighty men of valor whom He commissioned and expressly commanded to make war upon nations, on account of their sins, and to prosecute it, until they were utterly destroyed.

St. Paul knew the meaning of these words of Christ; "Think not that I am not to send peace, but a sword." He knew that there are times when war is incyltable, and when to be a faithful soldier, is to be a faithful servant of

#### HOLY WARS DEFINED.

But what are holy wars? When we think of the horrors of war, of battle-heids covered with the dying and the dead; of weeping widows and fatheriess children, and homes made desolate; when we think of the sick, and the wounded, and the bereaved; when we think of all the dreadful calamities and sufferings which accompany and which ollow in the track of war, is it possible then any war can be holy? Is it not rather an unspeakable curse?

From one point of view, the answer nust be yes; war is a great curse. It is me of the heaviest judgment that a righteous God has inflicted apon a sinful world. It has been the severest and most deadly instrument for the punishment, and, sometimes, for the destruction of nations. Undoubtedly, some wars have been a great curse. Wars originating in ambition, and avarice, and the accursed thirst for power; wars carried on to gratiy a tyrant's appetite for conquest; wars like those of Alexander and Napoleon such wars have not a single redeeming

feature. There have been holy wars. And if ever a war was holy, that war of which this day reminds us was a holy war. I will not try to stir your young blood by a recital of the causes which led to our awful civil war, and by recalling the dreadful carnage that it entailed. The story is familiar. It has been handed down to us, and it will be handed down to the generations following. It was a fearful war, but it killed slavery, and t saved the nation.

It is a blessed fact, for which this gen ration might to be devoutly thankful, that in this broad land with its seventy millions of souls, our glorious flag does not flood over the head of a single slave. The war that secured that blessed result was a holy war. It made and it will keep us a united people.

THE HOLIEST WAR. But there is a holler war than this, and it is this holler war of which St.

Paul speaks, when he urged young Timo lay hold on eternal life. This is the hollest war in which any mortal can en-gage. Carefully drilling is very important in physical warfare, and it is no less poortant in spiritual tactics, is the Bible Young soldiers of the National Guard, study the Bible. It is God's book. In it you will find His mind and will plainly revealed. It is the drill book of the Christian soldier, and it contains the story of redeeming love. It is Jesus Christ-our great Captain, who, through one of His chief officers, commands us to fight the good fight of faith. Let us heed His

There is only one kind of armor that is of any value in this spiritual warfare, and that armor is invincible. It is the "armor of God." We have a description of it in St. Paul Epistle to the Ephesiano. Read it, study it, take it, wear it, use met and sword. We need them all. With the girdle of truth, and the shield of faith, and the breastplate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, we are ready for the conflict, and we are certain of victory.

It requires courage, fortitude, faith, perseverance, and love to God and man o make a good soldier of Jesus Christ. But these we can have, and with these we must win the day. And when the battle is over, and when there is no further need of our armor, and when we look back over the battlefield, may each one of us he able to say with St. Paul. have fought a good fight. I have finishe my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of ous Judge, shall give to me in that

REV. MR. GIBBONS' SERMON. In the Dunmore Presbyterian church ast night, the pastor, Rev. William F. Gibbons, preached an eloquent sermon on "God's Banner," which was filled with thoughts on Memorial Day. The services throughout were of a patriotic character, and were attended by a very large congregation. Several anthems were rendered by the choir in specially fine manner. The speaker took his text from Psalm vi. 4: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear thee." Part of Mr. Gibbons' sermon was as follows:

ple; theirs were the arts of peace. But although they were forbidden to make war for conquest, they were encouraged to expect help from God in repelling the heathen foes, who would have invaded their inheritance. There are certain expressions in which God likens himself to the banner of Israel. Like Henry, of Navarre, who urged his soldiers, should banner fall to rally round his white plume, so Jehovah, the captain of Israel, would urge his people to deeds of glory, because he is their leader. 'Jehovah—nissi! the Lord my banne?' this is the royal purple banner of God's sovereignity, the banner of God the father. Beneath this banner strong men, grand men, courageous men, have been

marshalled.

UNDER GOD'S BANNER. I see following this banner such sunrowned men as Augustine, Calvin, Jonathan Edwards and a host of mighty men of valour. What made them strong? What set them to battling against the What set them to battling against the world? We answer, a clear vision of the aovereignity of God. What gave them their victory? They answer with a mighty shout of triumph, "In the name of the Lord will we set up our banners." Hear them ascribe their triumph unto the Kings "eternal immortal, invisible."

Let us turn to the New Testament to Let us turn to the New Testament to study there the blood-red banner of sal-vation, the banner of God the Son. Notice hat the word banner of the text was used not merely concerning a flag, such as the modern word means, it is a symbo or a signal which is carried in the midst of an army, and it is to uphold and pre-serve such a symbol that the true sollier would lay down his life

The cross of Jesus Christ is the symbol (Continued on Page 6.)

# The Home Reading Circle

## AT DEVIL'S RUN.

BY CHARLES B. LEWIS.

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PART I.

On this June morning there is peace

n the land. The Indian agent at Fort Bliss reser vation is congratulating himself on the meek and humble demeanor of the 3,000 subjects under his care, and today his monthly report will announce that the war fever which seized upon some of the bucks a week or so ago has entirely vanished. Even "Bald-Faced Charley, a sub-chief, and the worst of the lot, has settled himself down to be " a good

At six o'clock in the morning Sergeant Yates rode out of Fort Bliss with seven troopers to repair the bridge at Devil's Run. Fifteen miles to the west, Devil's Run cuts across the military road as it comes up from the Union Pacific railroad. It is a mountain tor-rent rushing through the rock gorge twenty feet wide, and the spot is wild At half-past nine o'clock, after guard-

mount, and before the men are ordered out for forenoon drill, Lieutenant Day and Miss Phelps canter out of the fort for a ride across the country to the west. The officer is one of the three or four unmarried men at the post: Miss Phelps is Major Hallday's niece, here on a three months' visit from the east. It is a beautiful morning, and so full of the balm of peace that the sick men in the hospital feel the effects of it like a tonic.

At eleven o'clock the soldier tele graph operator at the post, who is smoking his pipe and looking out of the window at a troop drill, catches a sharp and sudden call, and five minutes later he hurries to the office of the adjutant with a telegram from the Indian agent, which reads:
"Baid-Faced Charley and fifty fight-

ng bucks jumped the reservation last night and headed for Little Valley!" So, while congratulating himself on the humble attitude of his charges, a war party had slipped off under cover of darkness and had doubtless found heir first victim before he was out of bed. So Sergeant Yates and his seven men had departed for the exact spot where the Indians would seek to cross the military road to fail upon the halfdozen settlers in Little Valley. And so, riding forth across the plains toward the green-covered foot-hills, Lieutenant Day and Miss Phelps were liable to ride into an ambush within ten miles of the fort. The signs which signified peace were base deception. Ten min-

Fort Bliss was in a state of turmoil.

Under cover of darkness the renegad Indians made straight for Little ley, thirty miles from the agency, and about the same distance from the fort. They had six hours before daylight, and meant to fall upon the settlers in the early morning. After midnight a fog came on which reduced progress and finally checked- it altogether. It war party still to the north of the military road, and they did not propose to cross it until night came again. The bulk of them went into camp for the day, but scouts were sent out in every direction to pick up information. Two of these scouts, from their position on the crest of a ridge, saw the two riders as they came loping over the plains, A signal brought two more scouts to their assistance. Then the four, mounted on their fleet ponies, made a hasty run of a mile and entered a dry ravine and waited. Ten minutes after their arrival the riders passed them, headed almost direct for the Indian camp, and with the four warriors in their rear. The pair were cut off and as good as captured. For a mile or more they ode on in ignorance of the situation Then, as they drew rein on the crest of a ridge to breathe their horses, the officer looked back and noted the four Indians following. There were plenty of redskins riding about every day in he week, but even the way these "subjects" sat their ponies was proof to aim that they were renegades and neant mischief. He was armed with revolver alone. To the right were he foot-hills-to the left the military road. This road was five miles away If they could reach it they might run upon the daily mail coach or some freighters, or by extending the gallon reach Devil's Run and the working

party. "You see those Indians, Miss Phelps?" quietly asked the officer, as he pointed to the redskins advancing

at a walk. "Yes." "They doubtless belong to a war party which has broken loose from the reservation. The military road is off this way. We must ride for it. Get : firm seat in your saddle and give your horse the rein and stop for nothing. shall follow close behind, but never mind me. If you are alone when you reach the road turn to the left and keep on until you reach the Run."

"Do you mean it?" she said, as the color died out of her face and her lip trembled. "Every word of it, my dear friend

Be a brave girl and do as I tell you Our horses are still fresh, and please God we may keep our distance. Ready now. We shall have a good half milthe start." "But you-you!"

"Never mind me," he sternly commanded. "I shall follow after, but you must pay no attention. Rememberturn to the left when you strike the

# Most torturing and companies in burning, scaly skin and scalp humors is instantly relieved by a warm hath with Curreusa Soap, a single application of Curtouna (ointment), the great skin cure, and a full dose of Currouna Resouvery, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures, when all else falls.

road. Give your horse his head and trust him to find his way. Now you are off

"K!! Yi! Yi!" came the yells of the Indians as the two riders started off. and then the race had begun. For the first mile it was an even race. Then the Indians began to gain, inch by inch, and as they did so the officer began to drop back. The gir! was riding with a firm seat and her horse was picking his own route. The Indians continued their yelling, but as they crept nearer and nearer the reports of their rifles were added. As a bullet sang over her head Miss Phelps looked back with white, scared face, but the officer smiled at her and motioned for her to pay no attention. There came a second, a third and a fourth. Then the lieutenant felt a sudden pain in his right shoulder-a sensation as if a hot iron had touched the flesh, and he changed the reins to his left and muttered to himself.

"That's a bullet through the shoulder. but they can't do as well again!"

It was wild shooting on the part of the pursuers, but they were counting on luck. Although they had gained somewhat in the race, the long-legged cavalry horses had the advantages in climbing the ridges and were still in good wind. They were certain to reach the military road first, barring accident. Bullet after bullet went flying after the fugitives, and when the road was only a mile away the officer suddenly lifted in his saddle again. A bullet had struck in the left hip. The Indians knew that he was hit again and yelled in triumph. The girl looked back, and the officer closed up the distance and shouted to her through his clinched teeth: "We are close upon the road now! Be

sure and turn to the left!" Down the slope of a ridge as steep as a house roof thundered the riders into the highway, and after them came the redskins. A turn to the left, and then. riding side by side, the officer and the girl used the spurs for the first time and began to draw quickly away.

race was lost to the pursuers, and in their rage they fired their Winchesters as fast as they could pull the trigger. Ping! Ping! Ping! sang the bullets. One of them grazed the lady's hat-another passed through her riding-skirt -a third struck the officer in the calf of the right leg.

"Are you hit?" he asked, as he turned to her. ites after that dispatch was received

"No-are you?" "Only grazed, I think. It can't be over two miles to the run, and the Indians will soon give up the chase. Hello -what's this!"

Half an hour previously one of the sergeant's party at Devil's Run had climbed a high hill to examine some growing timber which might be used for the bridge. Looking away to the east he had seen the officer and the lady as they galloped for their lives. and he had no sooner given the alarm than the sergent ordered every man to saddle up. It took ten minutes to get started, but they rode fast and were in time. As they met the fugitives they drew aside and let them pass and then fell upon the four Indians and wiped three of them off the face of the earth. The fourth abandoned his pony and escaped up a ravine. When the sergeant rode back in search of his officer and the lady he found them in his camp at Devil's Run. The lieutenant was lying on the ground, and Miss Phelps was near by crying and wringing her hands and calling for

"What's up, mum?" called the sergeant, as he rode up and dismounted. "He is dead-don't you see he is dead." she wailed in reply.

"Looks like it. Shot in the leg, hip and shoulder! Ye gods, but what pluck to hang on as he did! No, he isn't dead! Here Wilkins, get some water, and you Green, help me to cut his clothes off and dress these hurts. Grant. you lead the lady away a bit and talk to her till she calms down, and the rest of you keep your eyes open for Indians. A band has jumped the reservation and will try to cross here, and we may have the whole crowd down on

us at any moment, The "lady from the east," as the soldiers called her, had never seen a hostile Indian in her life, and such a crisis as she had passed through would have weakened the nerves of almost any man. She pulled herself together in a few minutes, however, and as she reached the side of the wounded officer to offer assistance he opened his eyes and looked about him and asked:

"What is it, sergeant-what has hap-"You got a run from the Indians, sir, and you are wounded in three places. I'm patching you up, lieutenant, and in five minutes I'll send a man to the fort for the ambulance."

"And Miss Phelps?" "Unhurt, and here to answer for herself, sir.'

Thank God for that!" A few minutes later, while the bluff, but good-hearted sergeant and the halfcrying girl were "patching up" the wounded officer for his ride to the fort, a trooper was sent off to the fort with a message. He had not been gone ten minutes when the reports of rifles were heard, and in another ten he was back and reporting.

"Sergeant, the reptiles are in amoush along the road beside that big. dead pine! I caught sight of at least five or'six of them as they fired, and my horse is hit and I've a bullet in my

"We are cut off, sir!" reported the sergeant, in turn, to the lieutenant. But the officer had fainted from the loss of blood and the pain of his

PART IL It was lucky for the honor of the old

th cavalry that Sergeant Yates had

been sent out in command of that

bridge-repairing party. It was lucky

for the wounded lieutenant, for "the lady from the east" and for all concerned except the Indians. The sergeant was a veteran Indian fighter and man of nerve. The little troop had some out with only their blankets and cooking utensils, expecting to pass only night at the Run, and had camped own close to their work. The posttion was an exposed one, and the first move was to seek a better one. Such a place was at hand among the bowld-

road a quarter of a mile to act as videttes, two more down the road to see if the Indians had reached it on he did not utter the words. The officer that side, and as the lieutenant recovered consciousness again the sergeant

saluted and said: "We are going to move up among the rocks, sir. There come the men from below, and it's sure we have the redskins on both sides of us. No fear about our standing 'em off, however.

Now, boys, easy with him. The horses were saddled and driven down into the bed of the Run to take care of themselves. All the canteens, coffee pots and kettles were filled with fresh water and carried up to the new camp, and without fuss or excitement the entire party and all their belongings were soon posted on the hill. With their axes the men lopped off branches to make a bed for the wound-ed officers, and loose rocks were piled between the bowlders to make the posotion impregnable. When the sergeant reported to his officer what he had done the latter replied:

"Very well. You have done just the right thing. I am better now, and I'll try to help you out with advice. If the Indians attack see that Miss Phelps is well sheltered. If the reds are above and below we can't expect help. How are the men?"

"All right, sir. Davis is wounded but not disabled, and there'll be eight of us to hold the place. We can hold it for a week. If the lady will look after you we'll take care of the murdering redskins,

The officer felt his position keenly, out it could not be helped. Such was the pain of the wound in the hip that he was compelled to lie at full length. Had he been able to sit up with his back to a rock his pistol arm was useess. After her rally the girl had taken hold in a way to prove that she had plenty of pluck, and she now announced her readiness to take charge of the helpless man. Do you look for love and romance here? If so I must disappoint you. Miss Phelps was already engaged to a young man in her home city, and Lieutenant Day had passed into confirmed bachelorhood. Her heart was big with gratitude, however, for his gallantry and courage, and on his part he had that chivalrous reverence and admiration for the sex always to be found in the army officer, but always showing the stronger at the posts farthest from civilization.

"If you had not covered my retreat you would not have received those bullets!" she reproachfully said, as she wet the bandages over his wounds. "They are mere scratches and won't

bother me a month," he stoutly replied. "My only regret is that I can't sit up and take a hand in. You must act as my aide as well as nurse. How are the men posted?" "On the three sides of the square,"

she replied.

"I do not want to call the sergeant way. Go down to him and ask if there are any signs of the Indians yet. They may cross the road without attacking

In five minutes she returned to report: "The sergeant says the Indians are closing in from the west and the north, and he expects a rush within ten min-

utes. He has counted as high as 30, but believes the party is much larger." The Indians did not wait ten minutes. They had left men to hold the road above and below, and they aimed to wipe out the soldiers and then make their dash into Little Valley and out again before any news could reach Fort Bliss. There were about 30 in the rush against the two sides of the camp most open to attack-15 to a side. At a signal whoop they came tearing slope, covered with trees, shrubs and bowlders, and never did red men display more pluck and determination. The soldiers opened fire as soon as a stormer could be sighted, and with her face as white as the clouds above and

her heart in her mouth, Miss Phelps reported to the greaning officer: The men are down on their knees and firing over the rocks. They do not seem at all excited. There-I see an Indian on the north side-I see two others down there! How they shriek and yell! One has leaped the rocks! There comes

another, but the sergeant-"And I lying here helpless!" shout ed the officer. Is the sergeant down? For God's sake, tell me what is happen-

"No! The sergeant shot one and brained the other with his clubbed musket! The men are cheering-the Indians have been beaten off!" Three minutes later the sergeant

came up to salute and report. "We drove them back, sir, and I think we killed seven or eight, but I've lost two men killed and a third badly

"Well done, sergeant!" replied the officer when he could control his voice. 'I'm sorry for the loss, but perhaps the Indians will stay licked." "I'm afraid they won't, sir. I never

saw such devils. I must get back to the men and look out for another dash. If they come as they did before we'll have a hard job of it." "Is he afraid the Indians will over-

power him?" asked the girl when the sergeant was gone. "Yes, if they rush him again. There are only five men now."

"And if we are captured?" "We won't be!" quietly replied the officer. "Put my revolver here at my left hand, and do you sit down here! If the Indians carry the camp I shall shoot you and then put a bullet into my

own head!" "Yes-yes-that will be the way! she said as she handed him the weapon and sat down at his elbow, "There they come again! Yes, you will shoot me first!"

"Are the men cool?" asked the officer as the carbines began to speak. "Yes-same as before. There comes the Indians! I can see one-two-three -God have mercy on us!" "Are they inside?"

"Yes-yes-shoot me!" "Be quiet! What's the sergeant doing?"

"He's-he's fighting-the men are fighting-oh! God! but how they fighting!" she shricked as she hid her face in her hands. 'And now?" asked the lieutenant, as

the beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead and his eyes burned like coals of fire. "The Indians are down-they have been driven out-the men are cheering

for victory!" she gasped as she leaped "They came again, sir, as I thought they would," said the sergeant, as he came up to report, "but we have beaten

them off. Their loss is so heavy that they won't try it again." "And about our loss?" asked the offircer.

"Sorry to report, sir, that the men are all down but Barnes and me." "What! All dead!" "All dead, sir. The man wounded

before was killed in the rush. Barnes has a scratch or so and I've got the same, but I think the worst is over now. They'll hang about and do some ers on the hillside overlooking the shooting, but they won't rush us

bridge. Two troopers were sent up the again. If they do, we'll fall back here

And die together, he meant, though understood and smiled grimly; the girl understood, and in her heart she felt more admiration for the weather-beaten old sergeant than for any other man

living The Indians did not rush again. They had lost thirteen in killed and five or six wounded, and they did not know how great a loss they had inflicted on the defenders. Their raid into Little Valley must be given up, and they would sneak back to the reservation and become "good Indians" again. Before going, however, they wanted revenge for their dead and wounded. Scatering about, and two or three of them climbing trees to get a plunging fire, they began a de sultory fusilade, and at the end of a quarter of an hour Private Barnes was shot through the head. Miss Phelps was reporting the tragedy to the lieutenant when Sergeant Yates came up and saluted and announced.

"Barnes is gone, sir; but I'll do the best I can alone. I think the devils are about to give up the fight, but the lady must lie close or some sharpshooter will pick her off. Please keep down. miss. Any orders, lieutenant?"

party getting away from the reservation must have been telegraphed the fort, and no doubt troops have been sent out. We ought to be hearing from some of them soon." "That's it, sir, and I'll go back to the

"None sergeant. The news of this

big bowlders and try and pot the red devils in the big tree." After that the fire of the Indians slackened to an occasional shot, and the wounded officer read the sign aright. The discomfitted redskins were making ready to retire. Scarcely ten minutes had gone by when the reports of carbines were heard to the east, followed by cheers, and as the sergeant cheered and Miss Phelps clapped her hands, the lieutenant ex-

claimed "Thank God for that! It is a detachment from the fort, looking after us and the sergeant's party, and we are gaved! Listen to the hoof-beats of the horses!

"Hooray! Hooray! It's our coming!" shouted the sergeant, as he swung his cap and danced about.

There was just one more report from ride, but neither the girl nor the officer gave it any attention. They were looking for the rescuers, and as the troopers came in sight on the road below, Miss Pheips climbed over the rocks and called to them. A captain was in command, and as he scrambled up the hill, followed by a dozen dismounted men, he reached out for the hand of the hysterical girl and shouted:

"Thank God we have found you alive! Where is the lieutenant?" She pointed to the helpless man on the bed of boughs, but could not utter

a word.

"Eh. old man, did they pot you?" asked the captain, as he bent over his comrade. Yes, got me pretty bad. It was a hot little fight, but I was not in it. The sergeant, God bless him, deserves

all the credit. You came just in time. He told me a moment ago that all his men had been wiped out."

"God forbid! Where is Yates?" "Down that way." "Yes, I see him kneeling beside the big rock. Oh, sergeant!"

The sergeant did not move nor answer. The captain walked down to him and clapped him on the shoulder and said 'Eh, sergeant! Get up here and let' shake hands over this. Day has been

telling me how cool and brave-The kneeling man suddenly toppled over sideways, and then the captain saw that he had been talking to a dead man! The last bullet fired by an Indian had struck him fair in the forehead. It was what the army folks call 'the wipe-out at Devil's Run."

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